By BOOTH TARKINGTON

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PROLOGUE.

Nowhere has Booth Tarkington done such finished, exquisite work as in this story of boyhood. The full flavor of his story is not only for the grown man or woman, but for any one who enjoys the comic muse. It is a picture of a boy's heart, full of those lovable, humorous, tragic things which are locked secrets to older folks unless one has the gift of understanding. Booth Tarkington has it eminently, and "Penrod" will stand as a classic interpretation of the omnipresent subtlety-BOY.

CHAPTER I. A Boy and His Dog.

ENROD sat morosely upon the back fence and gazed with envy at Duke, his wistful dog. A bitter soul dominated the various curved and angular surfaces known by a careless world as the face of Penrod Schotleld. Except in solitude, that face was almost always cryptic and emotionless, for Penrod had come into his twelfth year wearing an expression carefully trained to be inscrutable. Since the world was sure to misunderstand everything, mere defensive instinct prompted him to give it as little as possible to lay hold upon. Nothing is more impenetrable than the face of a boy who has learned this, and Penrod's was habitually as fathomless as the depth of his hatred this morning for the literary activities of Mrs. Lora Rewbush, an almost universally respected fellow citizen, a lady of charitable and poetic inclinations and one of his own mother's most intimate friends.

Mrs. Lora Rewbush had written something which she called "The Children's Pageant of the Table Round," and it was to be performed in public that very afternoon at the Women's Arts and Guild hall for the benefit of the Colored Infants' Betterment society. And if any flavor of sweetness remained in the nature of Penrod Schofield after the dismal trials of the school week just past. that problematic, infinitesimal remnant was made pungent acid by the imminence of his destiny to form a prominent feature of the spectacle and to declaim the loathsome sentiments of a character named upon the program the Child Sir Lancelot.

After each rehearsal he had plotted pearance as the Child Sir Lancelot ina herole and attractive thought, but the results of some extremely sketchy | box. preliminary experiments caused him to abandon it.

There was no escape, and at last his hour was hard upon him. Therefore he brooded on the fence and gazed with envy at his wistful Duke,

The dog's name was undescriptive of his person, which was obviously the result of a singular series of mestache and indefinite whiskers. He an old postman. Penrod envied Duke | watter. because he was sure Duke would never be compelled to be a Child Sir Lancelot. He thought a dog free and | to you?' unshackled to go or come as the wind listeth. Penrod forgot the life he led

There was a long soliloguy upon the fence, a plaintive monologue without words. The boy's thoughts were ad- of a worm. jectives, but they were expressed by running film of pictures in his mind's eye, morbidly prophetic of the hideosities before him. Finally he spoke aloud, with such spleen that Duke rose from his haunches and lifted one ear in keen anxiety.

"I hight Sir Lancelot du Lake, the child, Gentul hearted, meek and mild. What though I'm but a littul child,

Gentul hearted, meek and- Oof!

' All of this except "oof" was a quotation from the Child Sir Lancelot, as conceived by Mrs. Dora Rewbush. Choking upon it, Penrod slid down from the fence, and with slow and wing of the stable, consisting of a single apartment, floored with cement

furniture and other condemned odds and ends not yet considered hopeless enough to be given away.

In one corner stood a large box, a part of the building itself; it was eight feet high and open at the top, and it had been constructed as a sawdust magazine from which was drawn material for the horse's bed in a stall on the other side of the partition. The big box, so high and towerlike, so commodious, so suggestive, had ceased to fulfill its legitimate function, though providentially it had been at least half full of sawdust when the horse died. Two years had gone by since that passing, an interregnum in transportation during which Penrod's father was "thinking" (he explained sometimes) of an automobile. Meanwhile, the gifted and generous sawdust box had served brilliantly in war and peace; it was Penrod's stronghold.

There was a partially defaced sign upon the front wall of the box; the donjon deep had known mercantile im-

The O. K. RaBiT CO. PENROD ScHoFIELD AND CO. INQUIRE FOR PRICES.

This was a venture of the preceding vacation, and had netted at one time an accrued and owed profit of \$1.38. Prospects had been brightest on the very eve of cataclysm. The storeroom was locked and guarded, but twentyseven rabbits and Belgian bares, old and young, had perished here on a single night-through no human agency, but in a foray of cats, the besiegers treacherously tunnelling up through the sawdust from the small aperture which opened into the stall beyond the partition. Commerce has its martyrs.

Penrod climbed upon a barrel, stood on tiptoe, grasped the rim of the box; then, using a knothole as a stirrup, threw one leg over the top, drew himself up and dropped within. Standing upon the packed sawdust, he was just tall enough to see over the top.

Duke had not followed him into the storeroom, but remained near the open



*Eleva-ter!" shouted Penrod. "Tingting!"

doorway in a concave and pessimistic escape, and only ten days earlier there attitude. Penrod felt in a dark corner had been a glimmer of light. Mrs. of the box and laid hands upon a Lora Rewbush caught a very bad cold. simple apparatus consisting of an old and it was hoped it might develop into bushel basket with a few yards of pneumonia, but she recovered so quick- clothesline tied to each of its handles, ly that not even a rehearsal of the He passed the ends of the lines over Children's Pageant was postponed, a big spool, which revolved upon an Darkness closed in. Penrod had rather axle of wire suspended from a beam vaguely debated plans for a self muti- overhead, and, with the aid of this imlation such as would make his ap provised pulley, lowered the empty basket until it came to rest in an upexpedient on public grounds. It was right position upon the floor of the storeroom at the foot of the sawdust

> "Eleva-ter!" shouted Penrod. "Tingting!"

Duke, old and intelligently apprehensive, approached slowly, in a semirircular manner, deprecatingly, but with courtesy. He pawed the basket delicately, then, as if that were all his master had expected of him, uttered one bright bark, sat down and looked alliances. He wore a grizzled must ap triumphantly. His hyprocrisy was shallow, many a horrible quarter of an was small and shabby and looked like hour had taught him his duty in this

"El-e-vay-ter!" shouted Penrod sternly. "You want me to come down there

Duke looked suddenly haggard. He pawed the basket feebly again and, upon another outburst from on high, prostrated himself flat. Again threatened, he gave a superb impersonation

"You get in that el-e-vay-ter!" Reckless with despair, Duke jumped Into the basket, landing in a disheveled posture, which he did not alter until he had been drawn up and poured out upon the floor of sawdust within the box. There, shuddering, he lay in doughnut shape and presently slumbered. It was dark in the box, a condition that might have been remedied by sliding back a small wooden panel on runners, which would have let in ample light from the alley, but Penrod Schofield had more interesting means of illumination. He knelt, and from a former soap box, in a corner, took a thoughtful steps entered a one storied lantern without a chimney and a large oil can, the leak in the latter being so nearly imperceptible that its banish and used as a storeroom for broken ment from household use had seemed bric-a-brac, old paint buckets, decayed to Penrod as inexplicable as it was garden hose, wornout carpets, dead providential.

He shook the lantern near his ear; nothing splashed; there was no sign but a dry clinking. But there was plenty of kerosene in the ean, and he filled the lantern, striking a match to Illumine the operation. Thinghe lit the lantern and hung it upon a neffi against the wall. The sawdust floor was slightly impregnated with oil, and the open flame quivered in suggestive proximity to the side of the box; however, some rather deep charrings of the plank against which the lantern hung offered evidence that the arrangement was by

curring this time. Next Penrod turned up the surface of the sawdust in another corner of the floor and drew forth a cigar box in which were half a dozen cigarettes made of bayzeed and thick brown wrapping paper, a lead pencil, an eraser and a small notebook labeled:

no means a new one and indicated at

least a possibility of no fatality oc-

"English Grammar. Penrod Schofield. Room 6, Ward School Nomber Seventh.

The first page of this book was purely academic, but the study of English undefiled terminated with a slight jar at the top of the second; "Nor must an adverb be used to modif"-Immediately followed:

'HAROLD RAMOREZ THE ROAD-AGENT OR WILD LIFE AMONG THE ROCKY MTS."

And the subsequent entries in the book appeared to have little concern with Room 6, Ward School Nomber Seventh.

The author of "Harold Ramorez." etc., lit one of the hayseed cigarettes, seated himself comfortably, with his back against the wall and his right shoulder just under the lantern, elevated his knees to support the noteook, turned to a blank page and wrote, slowly and earnestly: "CHAPITER THE SIXTH"

He took a knife from his pocket, and, broodingly, his eyes upon the inward embryos of vision, sharpened his pencil. After that he extended a foot and meditatively rubbed Duke's back with the side of his shoe. Creation, with Penrod, did not leap, full armed, from the brain; but finally he began to produce. He wrote very slowly at first, and then with increasing rapid-

fire came, without which no lamp of real literature may be made to burn. Mr. Wilson reched for his gun but our hero had him covred and soon said Well I guess you don't come any of that on

lty, faster and faster, gathering mo-

mentum and growing more and more

fevered as he sped, till at last the true

e my freind. Well what makes you so sure about it sneered the other bitting his lip so sav-ageley that the blood ran You are nothng but a comon Roadagent any way and I do not propose to be baffed by such, Ramorez laughed at this and kep Mr. Wilson covred by his ottomatick.

Soon the two men were struggling to-gether in the deathroes but soon Mr. Wilson got him bound and gaged his mouth and went away for awhile leavin our hero, it was dark and he writted at his bonds writhing on the floor wile the rats came out of their holes and bit him and vermin got all over him from the floor of that helish spot but soon he manged to push the gag out of his mouth with the end of his toungeu and got all his bonds

Soon Mr Wilson came back to tant him with his helpless condition flowed by his gang of detectives and they said Oh look at Ramorez sneering at his plight and tanted him with his helpless condition because Ramorez had put the bonds back sos he would look the same but could throw them off him when he wanted to Just look at him now sneered they. To hear him talk you would thought he was ot stuff and they said Look at him now. him that was going to do so much, Oh I would not like to be in his fix

Soon Harold got mad at this and jumpd up with blasing eyes throwin off his bonds like they were air Ha Ha sneered he I guess you better not talk so much next time. Soon there flowed another awful struggle and siezin his ottomatick back from Mr Wilson he shot two of the detectives through the heart Bing Bing went the ottomatick and two more went meet their Maker only two detectives left now and so he stabbed one and the scondrel went to meet his Maker for now our hero was fighting for his very life. was dark in there now for night had falen and a terrible view met the eye Blood was just all over everything and the rats were eatin the dead men Soon our hero manged to get his back to the wall for he was fighting for his very life now and shot Mr Wilson through

the abodmen Oh said Mr Wilson Wilson stagerd back vile ouths soilin his lips for he was in pain Why you oup you sneered he I will get you yet

Harold Ramorez The remainin scondrel had an ax which enme near our heros head with but issed him and remand stuck in the wall our heros amumition was exhaused what was he to do, the remanin scondrel would on get his ax lose so our hero sprung forward and bit him till his teeth met in the flech for now our here was fighting for his very life At this the remanin ndrel also cursed and swore viie oaths Oh sneered he — you Harold Ramorez what did you bite me for Yes sneered Wilson also and he has shot me in

the abodmen too Soon they were both cursin and reviln him together Why, sneered they what ald you want to injure us for Why, you Larold Ramorez you have not got any rence and you think you are so much but

ou are no better than anybody else Soon our hero could stand this no longer If you could learn to act like gentlmen said he I would not do any more to you now and your low vile expressions have not got any effect on me only to injure your own self when you go to meet your Maker Oh I guess you have had enogh for one day and I think you have learned son and will not soon atemp to beard Harold Ramorez again so with a tanting laugh he cooly lit a elgarrete and takin the keys of the cell from Mr Wilson

poket went on out Soon Mr Wilson and the wonded detec tive manged to bind up their wonds and got up off the floor — it I will have that dasstads life now sneered they if we have to swing for it he shall not escape

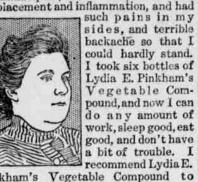
Chapiter seventh A mule train of heavily laden burros laden with gold from the mines was to be wondering among the highest clifts and gorgs of the Rocky Mts and a tall man with a long silken mustash and a cartidge belt could be heard cursin vile oaths because he well knew this was the lair of Harold Ramorez. Why you mean old mules you snecred he because the poor mules were not able to go any quicker for him 1 will show you Why — it sneered he his oaths growing viler and viler I will whip you som you will not be then be able to walk for a week you mean old , Henest."

mules you

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Scarcely had the vile words left his lips

"Penrod!"

It was his mother's voice calling from the back porch.

Simultaneously the noon whistles began to blow far and near, and the romancer in the sawdust box, summoned prosaically from steep mountain passes above the clouds, paused with stubby pencil halfway from lip to knee. His eyes were shining, there was a rapt sweetness in his gaze. As he wrote his burden had grown lighter, thoughts of Mrs. Lora Rewbush had almost left him, and in particular as he recounted (even by the chaste dash) the annoved expressions of Mr. Wilson, the wounded detective, and the silken moustached mule driver, he had felt mysteriously relieved concerning the Child Sir Lancelot. Altogether he looked a better and a brighter boy. "Pen-rod!"

The rapt look faded slowly. He sighed, but moved not

"Penrod! We're having lunch early plenty of time to be dressed for the pageant. Hurry!"

There was silence in Penrod's aerie. "Pen-rod!"

Mrs. Schofield's voice sounded nearer, indicating a threatened approach. Penrod bestirred himself. He blew out the lantern and shouted plaintively:

"Well, ain't I coming fast's I can?" "Do hurry." returned the voice, withdrawing, and the kitchen door could be heard to close.

Replacing his manuscript and pencil in the cigar box, he carefully buried the box in the sawdust, put the lantern and oil can back in the soap box, adjusted the elevator for the reception of Duke, and in no uncertain tone

invited the devoted animal to enter. Duke stretched himself amiably, affecting not to hear and when this pretense became so obvious that even a dog could keep it up no longer sat down in a corner, facing it, his back to his master and his head perpendicular, nose upward, supported by the convergence of the two walls. This from a dog is the last word, the comble of the immutable. Penrod commanded, stormed, tried gentleness, persuaded with honeyed words and pictured rewards. Duke's eyes looked backward; otherwise he moved not. Time elapsed. Penrod stooped to flattery, finally to insincere caresses; then, los-

ing patience, spouted sudden threats. "Penrod, come down from that box this instant!"

"Ma'am?" "Are you up in that sawdust box again?" As Mrs. Schofield had just heard her son's voice issue from the box and also as she knew he was there anyhow, her question must have been put for oratorical purposes only. "Because if you are," she continued promptly, "I'm going to ask your papa not to let you play there any"-

Penrod's forehead, his eyes, the tops of his ears and most of his hair became visible to her at the top of the box. "I ain't 'playing!' " he said indignantly.

"Well, what are you doing?" "Just coming down," he replied in grieved but patient tone.

"Then why don't you come?" "I got Duke here. I got to get him down, haven't I? You don't suppose I want to leave a poor dog in here to starve, do you?"

"Well, hand him down over the side to me. Let me"-"I'll get him down all right," said

"I got him up here and I guess I can get him down."

"Well then, do it." "I will if you'll let me alone. If you'll go on back to the house I promise to be there inside of two minutes.

After her departure Penrod expended some finalities of eloquence upon Duke, then disgustedly gathered him bp in his arms, dumped him into the basket and, shouting sternly, "All in for the round floor-step back there. madam-all ready, Jim!" lowered dog and basket to the floor of the storeroom. Duke sprang out in tumultuous relief and bestowed frantic affection apon his master as the latter slid down from the box.

CHAPTER II.

The Costume.

FTER lunch his mother and his sister Margaret, a pretty girl of nineteen, dressed him for the sacrifice. They stood him near his mother's bedroom window and did

what they would to him. During the earlier anguishes of the process he was mute, exceeding the pathos of the stricken calf in the shambles, but a student of eyes might have perceived in his soul the premonitory symptoms of a sinister uprising. At a rehearsal (in citizens' clothes) attended by mothers and grownup sisters, Mrs. Lora Rewbush had announced that she wished the costuming to be "as medie val and artistic as possible." Otherwise, and as to details, she said, she would leave the costumes to the good taste of the children's parents. Mrs. Schofield but they knew that their taste was as good as that of other mothers and sisters concerned, so with perfect confi-



Then They Began by Shrouding His Legs In a Pair of Silk Stockings.

dence they had planned and executed a costume for Penrod, and the only misjust on your account, so you'll have giving they felt was connected with the tractability of the Child Sir Lancelot himself.

Stripped to his underwear, he had been made to wash himself vehemently; then they began by shrouding his legs in a pair of silk stockings, once blue, but now mostly whitish. Upon Penrod they visibly surpassed mere required only a rather loose imagina- azine. tion to assume that they were tights.

The upper part of his body was next concealed from view by a garment so peculiar that its description becomes difficult. In 1886 Mrs. Schofield, then unmarried, had worn at her "coming out party" a dress of vivid salmon sllk which had been remodeled after her marriage to accord with various epochs of fashion until a final unskillful campaign at a dye house had left it in a condition certain to attract much attention to the wearer, Mrs. Schofield had considered giving it to Della, the cook, but had decided not to do so, because you never could tell how Della was going to take things, and cooks

were scarce. It may have been the word "medieval" (in Mrs. Lora Rewbush's rich phrase) which had inspired the idea for a last and conspicuous usefulness. At all events the bodice of that once salmon dress, somewhat modified and moderated, now took a position for its farewell appearance in society upon the back, breast and arms of the Child Sir Lancelot,

(10 be Continued.)

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"Amphibious." Speaking of fish stories, one cannot help being reminded of the occasion when a committeeman was examining a class of boys in the South. "Can any of you," he asked, "tell me what 'amphibious' means, and give a sentence to illustrate?" A bright little darky held up his hand. "I know, sah! It's lying! Mos' fish stories am fibiampleness, but they were long, and it | cus!"-W. B. Allen in Scribner's Mag-



Let the light

shine through the columns of this paper.